Humphrey. My gratious Lord, then this is my resolue,
For that these words the Armourer should speake,
Doth breed suspition on the part of *Yorke*,
Let *Somerset* be Regent ouer the French,
Till trials made, and *Yorke* may cleare himselfe.

King. Then be it so my Lord of *Somerset*.
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of *France*.
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of Truse I thinke is full expirde.

Somerset. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And take my leaue to poste with speed to *France*.

Exet Somerset.

King. Come vnckle *Gloster*, now lets haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,
And we will trie how she will flie to day. *Exet omnes.*

Enter *Elnor*, with sir *Iohn Hum*, *Roger Bullenbrooke* a Coniurer, and *Margery Iourdaine* a Witch.

Elnor. Here sir *Iohn*, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And here the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

Sir Iohn. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing she askes.

Witch. Then *Roger Bullinbrooke* about thy taske,
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

She lies downe vpon her face.

Bullen-

Bullenbrooke makes a Cirkle.

Bullen. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Sosetus* lake,
The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.

It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit riseth vp.

Spirit. Now *Bullenbrooke* what wouldst thou haue me do?
Bullen. First of the King, what shall become of him?
Spirit. The Duke yet liues that *Henry* shall depose,
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.
Bullen. What fate awayt the Duke of *Suffolke*.
Spirit. By water shall he die and take his ende.
Bullen. What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?
Spirit. Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted stand.
Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

He sinkes downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer Stykes,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise *Iordaine* rise, and staie thy charming Spels.
Sonnes, we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, and others.

Yorke. Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind them sure,
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That your are plotting Treasons thus with Cuniurers,
The King shall haue notice of this thing.

Exet Elnor aboue.

Buc. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.
Yorke. Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.